



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

9³
[REDACTED]
Bot. from Dulan

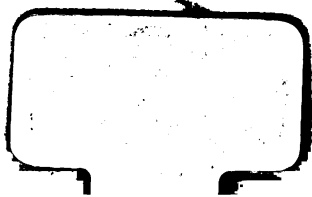
6/2

Lacks A.1

7/6

2799

e. 413



ADVICE

TO

New-Married Husbands,

IN

Hudibrastick VERSE.

By the Author of the *YORK-SHIRE*
HORSE-RACERS.



acks
21

Printed for JOHN MORPHEW near
Stationer's Hall. 1712.

ADVANCE

TO

New-Yorker Nachrichten

IN

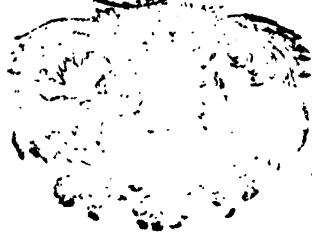
Handwritten: V. R. S.

NEW-YORKER NACHRICHTEN

100 YEARS



1891-1991



NEW-YORKER NACHRICHTEN

100 YEARS

(5)

ADVICE

New-Married Husbands, &c.

TO M, when the heat of Battle's over,
Man grows a tame and quiet Lover;
When Honey Moon is in the wain,
It's Joys cannot return again;
Then Kisses Cold and sapless grow,
And tir'd we are with what we do;
We toil and sweat with endless Pain,
Imaginary Bliss to gain:

A 3

Lock'd

(6)

Lock'd to the Oar, like Galley Slaves
In Chains we tug 'gainst Wind and Waves ;
~~And when we've Row'd the best we can do,~~
We're recompenc'd with Tongue Strappado.

E D I V D A

My dearest Friend, this is thy Fate,
I saw thee scratch thy thoughtful Pate ;
Cares and Troubles cloud thy Brow,
~~And bending Hamms thy weakness show :~~
Unwonted Pains thy Back have seiz'd,
And thou'rt grown tir'd with what has pleas'd ;
Dear bought Experience plainly shows,
Pricks and Cankers in thy Nose.

III.

Come, slip thy Matrimonial Fetter,
Unbolt thy Shackle ; hasten hither :
Thy pristine Freedom, now regain
Laugh at thy Folly, and my Pain : [Goes]

With

(2)

With Mirth and Wine let us repair,
Those pensive Troubles which we wear

IV

'Tis Claret only can create,
Freedom, Ease, and great Estate :

Can Sorrows quash and give relief,
In pressures both of Care and Grief ;

'Tis Claret only can defy,
All the Nuptial slavery ;

Render the Marriage Halter easy,
And with ten thousand Joys can please thee ;
Mirth and Honour still it brings,

'Tis Claret which creates new Kings ;
It conquers both by Sea and Land,

'Tis Bourdeaux makes Lewis La Grand.

V.

The Soldier, tir'd with Wounds and Blows,
To Quarters of Refreshment goes ;

A 4

Relieves

Relieves each Want, removes each Sprain,
And fits him for the next Campaign;

The tallest Frigats must careen,
Tallow and wash e're Sail again:

Tackle refit, Sheathing renew,

Victual afresh, and so must You.

If when you made your first Attack,
On Fort Puell' you hurt your Backing,
Or if your Bow-sprit be decay'd,
Or Miffen split from Trench del. Maid,
Or if your Flag-Staff has a shatter,
And Ball has pierc'd 'twixt Wind and Water:
Or if your Prow-fresh Sheathing lack,
Never careen too near the Dock.

To some smug private creek repair,
Whose Storms are hush'd, and Havens fair;
Where angry Blasts cannot molest thee,
Or frowning Billows ere infest thee;
There

There may you trim, rest and fallow,
 For Land gets Strength by lying fallow,
 And when the very best view can
 View the view of the view of the view.

VII.

The Galloppers of *York shire* Breed,
 Renown'd for lovely Shape and Speed ;
 Seldom above their Heats will run,
 And yet rub down at every one,
 But when their feeble Resters tire,
 And Sinews stretch'd some rest require,
 A Winter morning will restore
 The Speed and Strength they had before.

XVIII.

Remember, Friend, thou art no Horse,
 Yet doom'd to Ride and endless Course,
 Marriage a tedious Race will prove,
 It ends with Care, and starts with Love,
 The Rider suffers in the Course,
 Whilst the Race-Jade is not the worse.
 Hard

(९०)

Hard whips and spur's from Night to Morn,
Like Posts we ride, sometimes with Horn,
And when the very best we've done,
We seldom win the Race we've run.

PK.

Whilst we bestride the fiddle-fiddle,
We're often Jocky'd out o' th' Saddle;
Or if we o'er New-Market Switch,
We tumble into th' Dross-Ditch;
Thro' thick and thin the Bridgroom rides,
But all the Odds are on the Brides.

X.

Consider, Friend, thy Course is long;
Keep up thy Back with Swathers strong;
Cheer up thy Soul with noble Clarn;
Or Carry-Sack, if thou com'st near it.
Resume thy Pipe and wonted Freedom,
If Women frown, Friend, never heed 'em;
When

((- r i))

When once they get the upper hand,
And Female Monarchs bear command,
Nothing shall that great Power withstand;
Keep up thy Soul; thy Courage show,
Let Rib its place and distance know;
The Woman wears that crooked part,
Much good may't do her with all my Heart :
Our Ribs by Nature were design'd
To guard the Stomach, not the Mind,
To hoop in Liver, Lights and Lungs,
Defend the Heart from Mortal wrongs ;
From Head they're in due distance plac'd,
Their true Positions near the Waste :
Ah ! would they their due Submission know,
Why Nature rang'd them thus below ;
That crooked part that downward reaches,
Durst never struggle for the Breeches.

XII.

Thy Birth-right, Breeches, Lad maintain,
The proper Garniture of Man.

The

The Hen-peck't Fool raises my Passion,
The Scandal of the whole Creation;
The Scorn of Angels, Man's Reverse,
A Woman's Slave, a dismal Curse,
A Scavenger for th' Devil's Arse.

XIII.

Marriage was not by *Jove* design'd,
T' enslave the Freedom of Mankind;
To cramp our Liberties and Powers,
And hamper us like Evil Doers;
Man rules, and should the Sceptre sway,
Whilst the Help-meet ought to obey.

XIV.

What if a peevish cross-grain Wife
Becomes the Settlement of Life:
Or if it be thy Fate to wed,
A W——e unconstant to thy Bed?
A Remedy may soon be had;

Send

Send her to *Bristol*, to *Ned P. . .*,
 For *Best Virginia*, he'll exchange her;
 Two Hogheads for a lusty Jades,
 And thus *Ned* drives an honest Trade :
 Our Chains and Bondage does remove,
 And all th' Incumbrances of Love ;
 Takes off the heavy Clogg of Life,
 The Slut, the Whore, th' imperious Wife :
 And for this dismal Plague that grieves us,
 Gives us *Tobacco* that relieves us.

XV.

Divine *Tobacco*, which gives ease,
 To all our Pain and Miseries ;
 Composes Thoughts, makes Minds sedate,
 Adds Gravity to *Church* and *State* ;
 Courted by Kings and Men of Conscience,
 The Thrones Perfume, the Altars Incense ;



Arch-

Arch-Bishops, Bishops, Priests and Deacons;
 Most Reverently can fire their Beasons;
 When Rheums, Coughs, and Colds molest us,
 Doctor Tobacco must assist us.

XVI.

Divine Tobacco, an Indian God,
 The Courtier's Feast, the poor Man's Food;
 In Summer cool, in Winter warm,
 Julep and Cordial for each Harm;
 The mighty Sums thou dost advance,
 Will one Day help to conquer France,
 And import Claret and true Nants.

XVII.

And now, my Friend, it grows Difficile,
 To put an end to this Epistle;
 When Nants and Claret in one Line,
 Inspire the Soul with Thoughts Divine;

Nants,

Nests, the trust *Nectar* Heaven brews,
 Which Life supports, and Age renews,
 Removes all Aches, Pains and Stitches,
 Outward and inward Grievs it reaches;
 This great *Palatine* sent by Fate,
 Adds Safety to the Publick State;
 This does the aged *Lewis* nourish,
 By this his *Flower De Lute* does flourish;
 It makes his Laurels fresh and gay,
 Adds to his Power Imperial Sway;
 Conquers both on the Fo and River,
 Baffles those Forces which we join,
 Cou'd *Mars* bring this Treasure home,
 An easie Conquest he'd become;
 But till that long expected Day,
 The odd Four Shillings we must pay;
 Tax Windows, Candles, Soap, and Sale,
 Excise the Laws, the Ale and Male.

XVIII.

And now, my Friend, all Joys attend thee,
 Pardon this trouble which I send thee;

Keep

